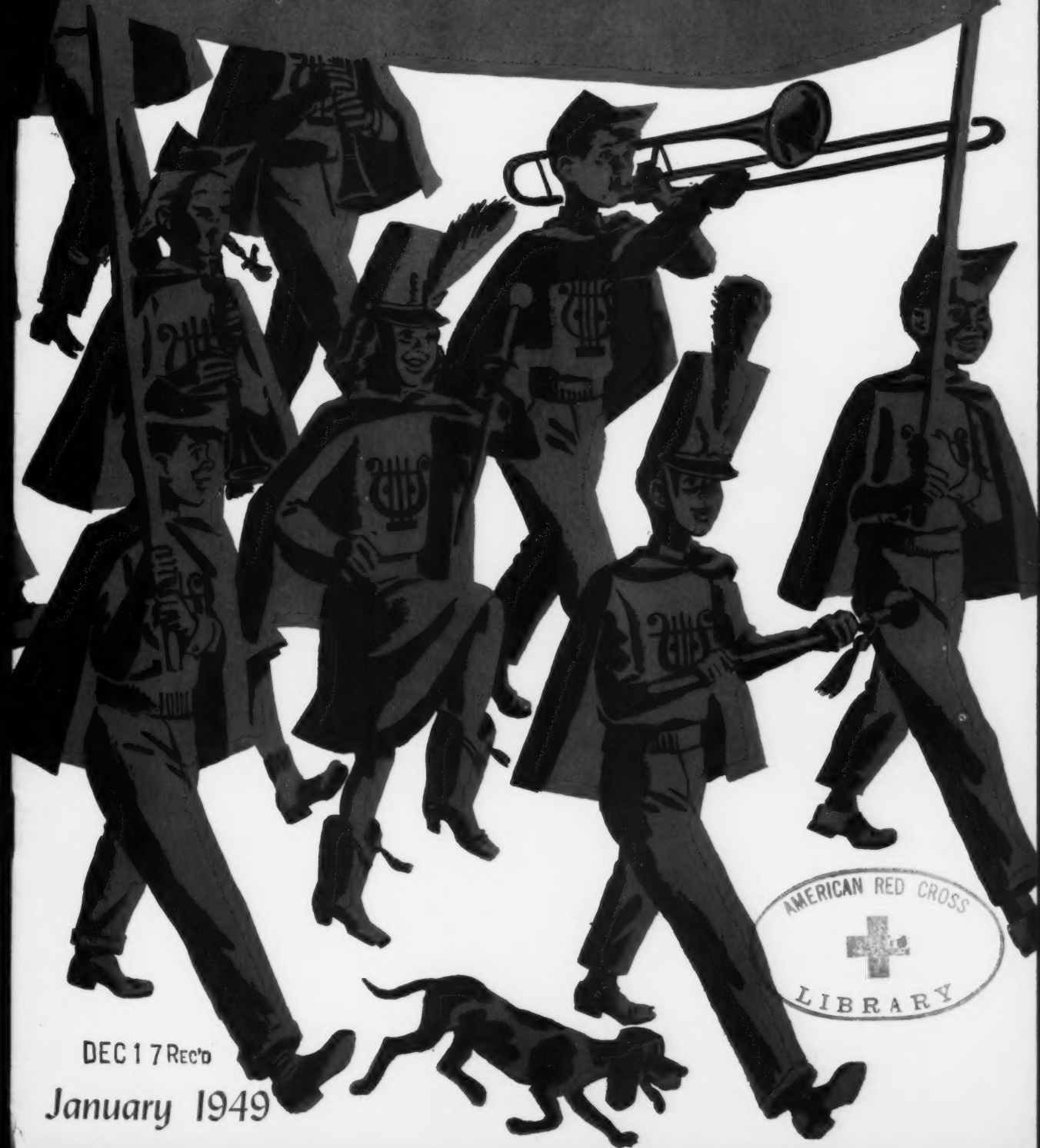


# American Junior Red Cross NEWS



DEC 17 Rec'd  
January 1949



**LET'S SING TOGETHER**—Second-grade boys and girls of a Baltimore, Maryland, school entertain visitors from the Maryland School for the Blind with a musical program.

# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

VOLUME 30

JANUARY 1949

NUMBER 4

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## Strike Up the Music

THAT'S WHAT the NEWS cover tells you this month. And the entire issue falls right in step with that idea. There is something about music on almost every page, you'll soon find as you begin reading.

Music makes a good beginning for New Year's, for everyone likes to start out the year with a song. Music and a "Happy New Year" are natural team-mates.

For Junior Red Cross members, music has a special meaning. Have you ever tried singing the "Junior Red Cross Song of Service" at your meetings? It is a good tune, and singing the words together puts you in the right spirit for your meeting.

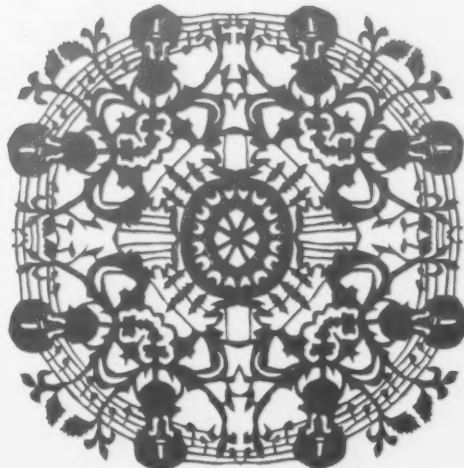
There are many things boys and girls can do with their music, too, to bring pleasure to other people. Many groups of Junior Red Cross members sing or play for shut-ins in hospitals or old people's homes or children's hospitals. Some have even recorded their music for sending to other schools overseas. Wide-awake members can find no end of nice things they can do with music.

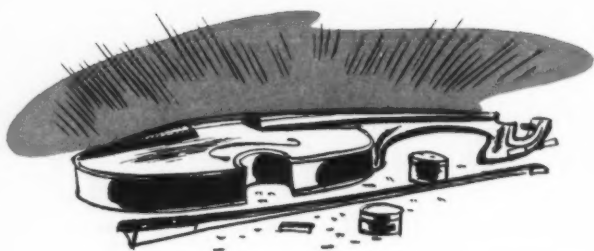
## Cut-out Design

AT THE FOOT OF this column you will see a picture of a beautiful cut-paper design showing a border of little violins set into musical scores. This exquisite design is about one-fourth the size of the original which was made for a correspondence album by a school in Poland. One wonders at the patience and skill of the child who made this cut-out. Each little part of the design is carefully cut from folded black paper, then mounted on white without a smear of paste showing!

May you start the New Year happily with music in your hearts.

Lois S. Johnson, editor.





Illustrations by John DeGrasse

# The Maestro's Secret

PAUL ELLSWORTH

Tony came to find out the Maestro's secret. This story tells what happened when he learned what the secret really was!

ON AN EARLY FALL day in the year 1700 a boy named Tony crossed the central square of the little town of Cremona. Cremona is on the bank of the Po River in Lombardy, Italy.

Tony was a tall, strongly built boy. His hair was black. His dark eyes were keen as he peered suspiciously around at the various buildings, basking in the noonday sun.

Passing the church of St. Dominic, Tony turned into a quiet street on each side of which were small shops. In the open door of one of these shops stood an old man wearing a woolen nightcap over his lean head. A white leather apron covered his smock and work clothes.

The man was about to turn back into the shop when Tony stopped him.

"Pardon, signor, but can you tell me where to find the shop of Maestro Antonio Stradivari?" Tony asked.

The tall, gaunt old man looked from the shop-step down at the boy. The man's eyes were of piercing brightness.

"What do you want with Maestro Stradivari, my son?" he asked in a voice that was both kind and impatient.

"I want to become one of his *garzoni*," the boy said boldly. "I want to learn to make violins!"

There was something crafty in this boy's voice and in his dark eyes. The old man in the doorway calmly studied him. In a moment he seemed to understand him. Then the old man quietly smiled.

"I am Antonio Stradivari," he said. "I can always use a sharp, active boy if he is honest."

The boy's bold eyes wavered. But only for an instant. Then he showed his white teeth

in an impudent smile. "I am as honest as the day is long, Maestro!" he cried.

ANTONIO STRADIVARI, the master violin maker, went back into the shop and took off his white leather apron. But he did not remove the queer looking nightcap. Returning to the street, he set off with a swift, swinging stride. Tony, following a little behind him, had to walk faster than he had ever walked before to keep up.

Maestro Stradivari turned in at a timber yard on the river bank. A short, red-faced, jolly looking man in work clothes came toward him.

"Greetings, Neighbor Stradivari," the red-faced man said, then looked at Tony questioningly. "What have we here—a new apprentice?"

"Perhaps," Antonio Stradivari said. "What new timber have you today, friend?"

The two men walked together down to a pile of logs, steaming in the hot Italian sunlight. Stradivari looked them over and made a chalk mark on the end of one.

"Cut me samples from that log," he ordered. "The others you must sell to violin makers who do not know wood."

Tony saw that farther from the river bank, under wide shed roofs, were piles of lumber—square-sawed logs, strips of variously colored wood. Maestro Stradivari, noticing Tony's interest, nodded.

"Out of a hundred maple or sycamore trees cut in the Tyrol and rafted down by lake and river, perhaps one has the right fiber and resonance to be used in the finest violins, my boy," he said. "Study wood. Study it all your life, if you mean to excel in our craft."



WHEN TONY and Maestro Stradivari had returned to the shop, the old man in the nightcap stood looking frowningly down at the boy. Then again the faint smile overspread his lean face, as if he had just been reading all that was in Tony's mind.

"Very well," he said, "you shall work for me."

At the long workbench nearest the windows sat three other *garzoni*, or apprentices. They were strong looking young fellows and Tony could see from the way they watched the master that they worshipped him.

"No, no, my son," said the maestro.  
"Your heart is not right. What is it  
you are concealing from me?"

Antonio Stradivari conducted Tony through a passageway and up a steep stairs. In an attic at the top of the house he showed his new apprentice the varnished violins and the oiled strips, hanging from nails driven into the rafters, drying, seasoning. The room was open to the hot, still air. Through the low windows various church spires and the campanile of the cathedral were visible.

From the hanging violins, although they were as yet without strings, came low murmurs and hummings, as if they were talking together. Tony looked awed.



"They are in tune with music our coarse ears cannot hear," Maestro Stradivari said reverently. "A fine violin lives in a world of perfect beauty and harmony. Only one who is willing to cleanse his heart of all evil is fit even to mix the glue used in making such an instrument!"

And again his piercing eyes looked into the dark, awed eyes of the boy named Tony.

Tony was led down into a room behind the shop. Here, while Maestro Stradivari sat at a high desk writing at his accounts, Tony, seated at a low table, pounded up lumps of glue and put them to soak in cold water. Later, the Maestro explained, this partly dissolved glue, of the finest quality obtainable in all the world, would be boiled till it was clear and of the right consistency.

But Tony, sitting at his little table, remembered what the gaunt old man had said—about only one whose heart was pure being fit to mix glue for the making of great violins. And his own heart troubled him.

THAT NIGHT Tony was sent to the loft with the other three *garzoni*. They talked together and seemed to disregard Tony. Tony waited till his companions' low, steady breathing told him they were asleep. Then he slipped out of bed, climbed through the window, and slid down a trellis to the ground.

Ten minutes later, in a dark alley behind a noisy tavern, Tony met a tall, broad-shouldered man who wore his dark hat well down over his eyes. All that was visible of his face was a nose like a hawk's beak and a chin like the ram on a war vessel.

The tall man gripped Tony by the arm. "Why are you so late?" he growled.

Tony tried to jerk loose, but the iron fingers bit in. "I had to wait till the other *garzoni* were sleeping," he replied sullenly. "I am one of them—I am to work for Maestro Antonio Stradivari!"

If he had expected the tall man to be impressed, he was disappointed. "Hah—and what have you learned—about his varnish?"

"Nothing, as yet. Did you think as smart a man as Antonio Stradivari would tell me all his secrets the first time I met him?"

Tony's voice sounded impudent, so the hawk-nosed man struck him over the head.

"See that you find out what I want to know!" he cried. "Report here tomorrow."

Next day, back at the shop, Tony was put to work again at his little table. This time he

## THE ORGAN GRINDER

A JOLLY little organ grinder  
Came walking down our street.  
He had a little monkey  
Who danced at his feet.

I put a coin in the monkey's cup,  
Then he shook my hand.  
The organ grinder is even better  
Than the downtown band.

The monkey did his little tricks—  
One of standing on his head.  
The one I liked especially  
Was when he said his prayers for bed.

Maybe someday the organ grinder  
Will come to your town.  
I'm very sure if he does  
All the children will jump up and down!

—Cynthia Voss,  
Longfellow School,  
Oak Park, Illinois

was to trim off with a screw the superfluous wood from a counter-mold. The counter-mold was to be used in making a violin.

As the boy sat at the low table, his hands were moist with perspiration. He knew that the wooden frame he was working at represented the labor of an apprentice for a least a week. And the little screw-saw seemed determined to cut in too deeply. . . .

Maestro Antonio Stradivari had been sitting with his back to Tony, but suddenly he slid down from his high stool. With long strides he crossed to the table. He took the saw from the boy's unsteady fingers.

"No, no, my son," he said, "your heart is not right! What is it you are concealing from me?"

Tony was thunderstruck. How could this gaunt old man tell that there was anything wrong in his thoughts—in his heart? And today Tony could not be his usual, impudent, gamin self.

"I—I am sorry, Maestro," he stammered in a faint, frightened voice. "I—I truly want—"

"Tony," said Maestro Stradivari, "tell me—were you not sent here to find out how I mix my varnish? The famous Stradivari varnish that makes the master 'Strads' sing like bugles?"

Tony hung his head. He was stunned—because the master had apparently read his mind.

"Come, my son, you shall have what you came here for," Maestro Stradivari said.

He led Tony to the locked door of a room down the hall. Antonio Stradivari unlocked the door, pushed it open, pushed Tony into the silent room beyond. In it were a work table and many closed, locked cupboards.

Maestro Stradivari closed and locked the door. Then he began to unlock and open cupboards. From them he took bottles and boxes. He laid them on the bench.

He stood looking first at the things on the bench, then at Tony.

"To make a master violin, you first must have a master idea, my son," he said. "When the idea is worked out—and that may take you most of your lifetime—you *begin*. You select wood, soft wood for the belly, hard wood for the back. You must know grains and fibers better than you know the look of your own two hands.

"You cut your patterns and you cut your violin wood. Some of it is so rare and precious that you use only small pieces. You set them in critical spots in this chosen instrument.

"You shape and reshape the wood. The thickness of some of the pieces is not uniform. The thickness of the belly is greatest toward the middle. Hard wood will have to be cut thinner than soft wood. But how *much* thinner?"

The old man in the white leather apron and the wool night cap looked piercingly at Tony. His voice was harsh when he next spoke.

"You came here to discover my master secret—of what ingredients I make my varnish," he said.

"I shall tell you: two kinds of sandalwood, one from Calcutta, one from the Coromandel coast. Of these you make an alcoholic infusion.

You add essential oil of turpentine and expose the mixture to the air. This is your color coating. It shows as an agate-hard film over the oil sizing.

"Varnish? Soft resin—mastic or dammar, because they are the most elastic to the sound vibrations. My son, any one of the violin makers in this town can tell you all this, and more. It is no secret.

"The master secret is *consecration*. You must love honest craftsmanship more than hours of sloth or dissipation. Now you may go back to the rascal who sent you here, and tell him all this!"

TONY STOOD with hanging head. Tears squeezed themselves from under the lids of his dark eyes.

He stood fumbling at the buttons on his jacket. And he felt a strong hand take hold of his shoulder, then tilt his face up.

"Don't you want to go back with your secret?" Maestro Antonio Stradivari asked softly.

"No—I want to stay here—and learn to be honest—and a fine workman!" Tony sobbed.

"Then you shall. My three young men will meet your friend tonight. They have kept track for me; they know where you meet him.

"You see, Tony, I have been spied upon before. I am a wary old eagle. So now my young men will be very firm and very rough with this villain. You will not see him again—unless you choose!"

Tony did not choose. He lived in the quiet little shop. He worked long hours, just as he saw Maestro Stradivari, who was now an old man, work.

And in time he became, if not one of the great violin makers of the Cremona school, at any rate a respected and capable craftsman.

## MUSIC MYSTERY

OLLIE JAMES ROBERTSON

Who is the patron saint of musicians? Do you know? If you will guess the geographical terms described here, take the first letter of each term and arrange them in proper order, you will get this well-known saint's name.

- (1) The capital city of Wyoming
- (2) Cold country on the eastern Canadian coast
- (3) The second largest country in South America
- (4) New name for Ireland

- (5) The peninsula made up of Spain and Portugal
- (6) The former name of Istanbul
- (7) Country of which Teheran is the capital city

ANSWERS: (1) Cheyenne, (2) Labrador, (3) Argentina, (4) Eire, (5) Iberian, (6) Constantinople, (7) Iran. The first letters arranged in proper order will give the name Cecilia. St. Cecilia was the patron saint of musicians.

# THE SEED BED

in moderate time

Low with-in your dark-ened bed lit-tle seed lay down your head.

With the com-ing of the sun you shall wa-ken lit-tle one

But, till then the soft earth shall be your berth

Un-der-neath the covers sleep snug-gled warm and deep.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

MUSIC and WORDS by ANTONINA POTECHKINA and SADIE A. GARNETT . . .







# A Fine Song for Singing

CLAIRE LEE PURDY

Illustrations by Jo Fisher

Here is a story about one of America's best loved composers of songs. You probably know and sing many of the lively melodies which Stephen Foster wrote.

A SWEET-FACED MOTHER looked up from the letter she was writing. Her youngest son, a boy of 6 years, was making a merry uproar as he marched up and down in the sunny kitchen. Smiling, his mother dipped her quill pen into the ink bottle and added some lines to her letter:

"Stevan has a drum and marches about after the old way, with a feather in his hat and a girdle about his waist, whistling old lang syne. . . . There still remains something perfectly original about him."

This letter, with its odd spelling of proper names, was written more than a hundred years ago. The little "Stevan" whistling Bobby Burns' *Auld Lang Syne* was Stephen Collins Foster, who grew up to be one of America's most beloved composers of songs.

Stephen Foster was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in the year 1826, on the Fourth of July. It seems fitting that he should share his country's birthday, for in his music he caught the spirit of early-day America better than any other composer.

ONE OF THE HOUSES in which Stephen Foster lived when he was a boy overlooked "The Point," where the Monongahela River joins the Ohio. He came to know the names of all the "Buckeye" river boats, those gayly painted stern-wheelers that brought cotton and tobacco to Pittsburgh from southern ports on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.

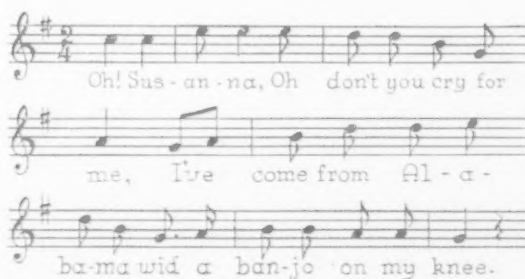
He met their captains and pilots, and spent many a happy hour listening to the work songs of the Negro crews.

One of the composer's most light-hearted songs was about this river life and a boat called

the *Glendy Burk* which you will like:

*De Glendy Burk has a funny old crew,  
And dey sing de boatman's song;  
Dey burn de pitch and de pine knot too,  
For to shove de boat along.  
De smoke goes up and de ingine roars  
And de wheel goes round and round,  
So fare you well! for I'll take a little ride  
When de Glendy Burk comes down.*

Another song suggested by the banjos, songs, and dances of the river men was called *Oh! Susanna*. This rollicking nonsense had a devil-may-care tune that appealed to the covered-wagon pioneers. The California gold miners of '49 and the hardy travelers of the Oregon Trail sang their way to the Pacific with Stephen Foster's lively tune —



IT MAY SEEM strange that Stephen Foster, a "Yankee" boy, should have written so many songs about Negroes and plantation life. It is a fact that the composer never lived in the South, and in all his life made but four brief trips into Dixieland.

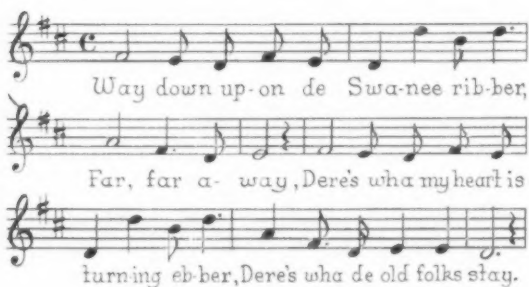
But nearly every day the Ohio River boats

brought goods and passengers from the South, even from far-away New Orleans. The crews of the boats were Negroes, many of whom had relatives still in slavery. And, most important of all, there were the minstrel shows.

Stephen Foster loved the blackface minstrels and their songs. For them he wrote music and verses—songs like *Old Uncle Ned*, *Lou'siana Belle*, *Nelly Bly*, *De Camptown Races*, *Nelly Was a Lady*, *Ring de Banjo*, and *Massa's in de Cold Cold Ground*.

Never a business man, Stephen Foster gave many of his best songs away, or allowed them to be sung by his minstrel-show friends as their own compositions.

For years the authorship of *The Old Folks at Home* was in doubt. The earnings went to Foster, but E. P. Christy was known as the composer of this tender song, which for more than a century has voiced the yearning of lonely people longing for home.



ONLY ONE of Foster's songs, called *My Old Kentucky Home*, was inspired by actual contact with Southern plantation life. When the composer was in his early twenties, he paid a visit to his cousin John Rowan, who owned a plantation at Bardstown, Kentucky.

The Rowan home, called Federal Hill, was a gracious old dwelling built in Revolutionary times. It was an estate of old-world grace and beauty. Tulip trees, maples, and magnolias lined the broad carriage drives. Gabled roofs, tall chimneys, and vine-covered walls gave mellow beauty to the hospitable house on the hill.

John Rowan took pleasure in showing his "Yankee" Cousin Stephen around. They visited the plantation stables and kennels, the barns, orchards, gardens, and fields of corn and tobacco. And they visited "the quarters," as the homes of the Negroes were called.

Stephen Foster never forgot his first sight of those quarters. The brief southern twilight had given way to darkness when he and his

cousin paid their visit to the little one-room cabins beyond the groves.

The Negro field hands were resting from their day's work. They sprawled tiredly on the stoops of the cabins, exchanging news or plucking snatches of tune from banjos and guitars. Over open hearthfires supper was being cooked, while babies rolled and crawled on the cabin floor. Little boys and girls played tag up and down the narrow "street" between the two rows of cabins.

Federal Hill still stands. In 1926 the state of Kentucky made it a popular shrine, so that lovers of Stephen Foster's music may see for themselves the lovely *Old Kentucky Home*.

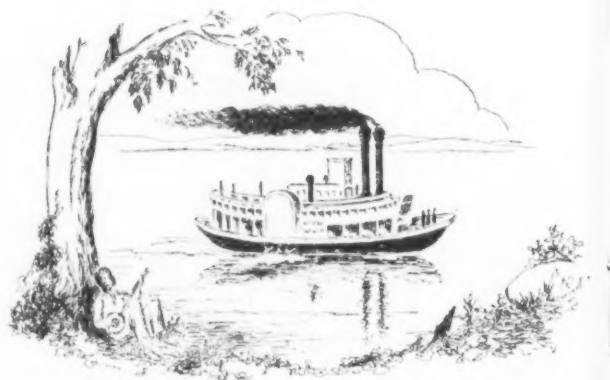
TWO OF FOSTER's greatest songs were written about real people. Old Black Joe was the house man at Dr. McDowell's in Pittsburgh when the composer went courting Jane McDowell, the pretty, high-spirited daughter of the household. The smiling old man always met Stephen at the door with a word of advice about wooing "Miss Jinny."

"Don't take no for an answer, Marse Stephen. Jes' 'tween you and me and the gatepost, she like *you* the best of all her beaux!"

For dear old Joe, Stephen wrote his famous song which began:

*Gone are the days when my heart was  
young and gay.*

Old Black Joe was right about "Miss Jinny." She did like Stephen best, and finally married



him. The amusing story of the composer's proposal has been told by his granddaughter, who had it from her mother's own lips.

Jane was having a hard time making up her mind. She liked Stephen Foster, and she also

liked a certain Richard Cowan. One evening, through some miscalculation on Jane's part, both young men called at the same time. Stephen, furious, turned his back on Jane and Richard and read a book until his uncomfortable rival finally rose to say goodnight.

When Richard was gone, Stephen turned to Jane and spoke sternly, though his face and shaking hands belied his confidence.

"And now, Miss Jane, I want your answer! Is it yes, or is it no?"

Miss Jane's answer was yes.

For this lovely girl, his wife, Stephen Foster wrote the hauntingly beautiful love song, *I dream of Jeanie with the light brown hair*. There have been few songs that have caught so well the yearning wistfulness and tenderness of young love.

**I**N LATER YEARS, when the composer's heart was sad and lonely, he wrote a song about his faithful friend, *Old Dog Tray*. The dog was a setter that liked to play with the children in the park where Stephen often sat brooding over his troubles. No more tender tribute to a loyal pet has ever been written.

*Old Dog Tray's ever faithful,  
Grief cannot drive him away,  
He's gentle, he is kind,  
I shall never, never find  
A better friend than Old Dog Tray.*

An amusing story is told about Stephen Foster and *Old Dog Tray*. Shortly after he wrote this song, the composer was disturbed at night by the barking of a stray dog.

Nervous and irritable because of the worries that the years had brought him, he was in no mood to lose sleep because of the howling of a hungry dog. Rushing out of the house in his nightshirt, Stephen drove the dog yelping from the yard.

When the composer returned to the house, he found that his mother and the rest of the family had been roused by the noise.

As he entered the kitchen, they began to sing *Old Dog Tray* as mournfully as they could. Stephen blushed and felt ashamed of himself, and then laughed with the rest. He had been properly reproved for his angry outburst.

**F**OSTER'S LAST YEARS were spent in lonely poverty in New York, far from home and friends. Most of his songs of this period were worthless "pot-boilers," composed in the morning and sold for a few dollars in the evening.

## A SNOWY DAY

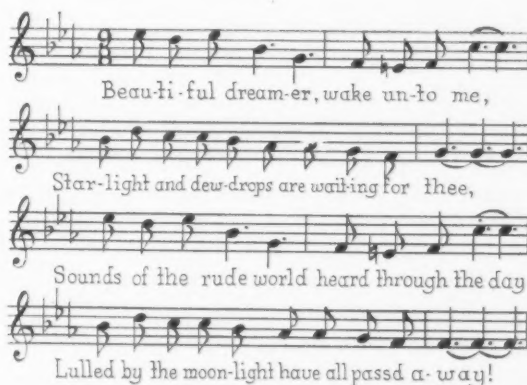
**I**T'S SNOWING very hard today,  
But soon the snow will melt away.  
We hope the sun does not come out,  
For in the snow we love to shout.  
The tall black trees are lonesome now,  
For they've no bird upon their boughs.

The windowpanes are frosted white,  
Because Jack Frost was here last night.  
Smoke from chimneys dressed in black,  
Is wafted from the old red shack.  
River boats go chugging by,  
Smokestacks standing tall and high.

The schoolroom, so cozy and warm,  
Protects us from the snowy storm.  
But soon we don our wraps and go  
Into the cold and swirling snow.  
Upon the frozen walks today,  
We will slide away, away.

—By the Fifth Grade,  
Lincoln School,  
Monongahela, Pennsylvania

But the spirit of beauty was not lost. Shortly before he died, he composed one of his loveliest songs, the romantic *Beautiful Dreamer*.



Beau-ti-ful dream-er, wake un-to me,  
Star-light and dew-drops are waiting for thee,  
Sounds of the rude world heard through the day  
Lulled by the moon-light have all passd a-way!

America took Stephen Foster's music to its heart, but shamefully neglected the composer. At his death in Bellevue Hospital in New York City, a shabby purse with 38 cents was all he had to show for his music. In that purse was also a scrap of paper on which he had written "Dear Friends and Gentle Hearts," the title for a new song, probably.

Those were forgiving words. With them, America's sweetest minstrel bade his country and the world a last farewell.

## We hear from FRANCE

WE ARE GLAD that school correspondence albums are again coming to us from France. ALICE INGERSOLL THORNTON tells about these albums and quotes from their lively, interesting pages.

FRANCE has been a friend and ally of the United States for a very long time, and its Junior Red Cross was one of the first to start school correspondence with our Junior Red Cross groups away back in 1920.

We were not able to exchange albums with French schools during the war, but as soon as it was ended the French Junior Red Cross correspondence began to arrive.

Their albums are always delightfully illustrated, often with original drawings in color. Sometimes these show the costumes of the different provinces now usually worn only on holidays. The letters describe the different parts of France, the towns and villages and the way of life at different seasons of the year.

We often hear of the beauty of Paris in the spring. One of the public schools now describes Paris in the winter:

"**H**ERE IN PARIS, we are not always favored by a mild winter. It would be out of the question to lunch outdoors, yet our winters are not to be compared with those of New England. Seldom does the thermometer get under 2 or 3 degrees below zero—our zero, that is (for you 32 degrees).

"Our school, a very old building from the 17th century, seems nice to us, even if things

are not quite up-to-date inside. We have painted every classroom ourselves, including the staircase. Pretty friezes give a cheerful aspect to the whole building. What we like best to look at are the windowpanes. They are all painted by us with gay birds and flowers.

"We, of course, give several entertainments during the year, at Christmas and in May and in July.

"We belong to the French Junior Red Cross and we try our best to help poor and sick children. We send clothing to the day nursery. We make all kinds of pretty things for our annual sale.

"As we have to provide our school with such things as a piano, apparatus for movies, pictures, and the like, we have to work hard in order to obtain the means to purchase these expensive things.

"If you ever come to Paris and to our school, you will see pictures on the staircase walls which remind us of Red Cross rules of hygiene, about the duty of everyone to think of the welfare of others, about people of all nations."

### WINTER IN SAVOY MOUNTAINS

THE PART of France called Savoy is close to Switzerland and so has much the same climate with snow and cold during the winter months. A boys school in Myans par les Marches in Savoy describes that part of the country for us:

"**W**E LIVE in a mountainous region with many valleys and overlooked by the wonderful Mt. Blanc range (15,780 feet above sea level). The largest lake (Leman Lake) is divided between France and Switzerland. The climate is rather severe, especially in the mountains.

"Our region is chiefly agricultural. People raise cattle, and the dairy in-



ON A SNOWY DAY—Drawing from a French album shows children coming from school.



## A la pêche des moules



FISHING FOR MUSSELS is the name of this song taken from a French album. The verses read:

The boys from Marennne have taken  
my basket, Mama!  
When once they catch you they are  
good children, Mama!  
They caress and compliment you,  
Mama!  
I do not wish to fish for mussels any  
more, Mama!

dustry is developed in pastures on the mountains. The waterfalls are used for the metallurgical industry (electric ovens).

"Savoy is a tourist region visited very much in winter for sports such as skiing and skating, and in summer for excursions and mountain climbing. There are many hotels at every altitude.

"Roads lead very high and far in the mountains. Some of them pass through the tunnels. The Savoy people are most hospitable. There is no little village in the high mountains (the one situated at the highest altitude is at 6,000 feet) where the foreigner is not welcomed.

"In some villages of the high mountains it is so cold in winter that the houses have been

organized in order that people and animals are in the same building. The stable is on one side and divided from the family room by a wooden partition at half height.

## FRENCH COSTUMES ARE GAY

THE FOLLOWING letter was written by Junior Red Cross members in the school for girls in Chambéry, also in Savoy:

"IN THE JOLLY old times, there were many traditional costumes in France, and every province had its own. But they have almost disappeared and we can find them only in some remote districts.

"In each village there is a slight difference in the costumes and when one knows them it is easy to tell whence a peasant comes.

"La Tarentaise is usually known as the costume of Savoy. It is very characteristic with its cap which is called *frontiere*. The cap has two crescents made of pasteboard and covered with embroidered cloth.

"In Maurienne the caps are different—in some villages they are white, in others black. They are generally made of very fine lace with silk ribbons. Some of them have a large bunch of ribbons with streamers reaching to the ground, which is worn on the left shoulder by both men and women.

"The costume itself has very brilliant colors. The skirts often are pleated and—which is very quaint—they have a sort of hem at the bottom which is curled up. In the village of Les Villards a skirt has as many pleats as the girl has money for her wedding.

"The most beautiful things are the shawls and the *ceintures*. The shawls are made of embroidered silk of the brightest tints.

"The *ceintures* are made of thick, colored cloth or silk, bound round the edge with colored ribbons. They are fastened over the chest with silver chains and hooks.

"The women are very coquettish and like to have many shawls, aprons, handkerchiefs, *ceintures*, and ribbons, so it is said at Les Villards that many daughters in a family is surely the token of its ruin!

"And lastly, the most beautiful and characteristic part of their costumes are the gold or silver crosses and hearts which are always worn by both women and children.

"We hope you will be interested, and perhaps one day you will be able to come to Savoy and to see the people and their costumes in their splendid scenery of glaciers and mountains."

# MUSIC HAS CHARMS

## —in any language

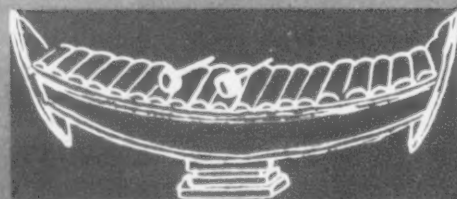


▲ FRANCE—This picture of a French dance is from a correspondence album (story on page 12).

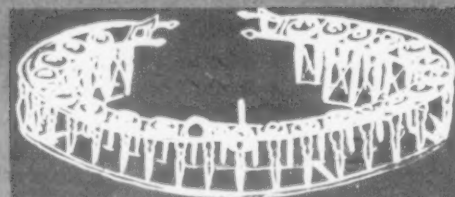
GERMANY—Members of newly organized Junior Red Cross, Greater Hesse, sing at their meetings. ▼



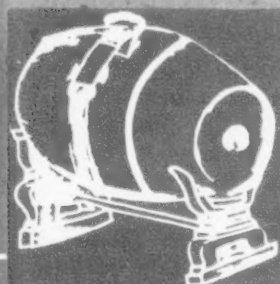
▲ SIAM—Many unique musical instruments were shown in a Siamese correspondence album. The picture above is called, "Lady of the Chaké."



▲ Siamese instrument—"Ranad BK"



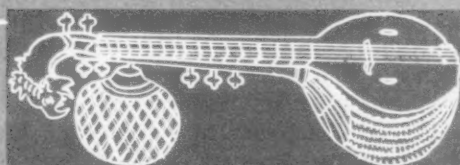
▲ Siamese instrument—"Gong Wong Yai"



◀ Siamese instrument—the "Tapone"



▲ SOMEWHERE IN U.S.A.—Boys and girls sing for an old folks home, in this scene from the new American Junior Red Cross movie, entitled "All Together."



▲ INDIA'S popular string instrument, the "Veena," shown in album from Madras.



▲ UNITED STATES—Cellist in school orchestra—one of thousands of pictures drawn by AJRC members in grades 6-12 for International School Art Program.



▲ POLAND—This quaint drawing of a Polish quartet is from one of the school correspondence albums.

# Ideas on the March

IN THIS ISSUE we salute especially the work of the American Junior Red Cross in Eastern Area—which includes Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, and the District of Columbia. Mr. Lee D. Krebs is Director of AJRC in Eastern Area.

## THE OVERSEAS MAILBAG

**T**HERE IS ALWAYS excitement when mail is delivered to our Junior Red Cross office in Eastern Area, and we find school correspondence albums waiting to be unpacked.

Just this morning we unwrapped a whole stack of albums from France. Some of these were cleverly made with a large colored map of the city of Paris on the outside.

The albums came from the Girls School in Suresnes, France and were sent to Fairfax School, Cleveland, Ohio and the National Cathedral School, Washington, D. C.

In an album sent to South Bend, Indiana, the pupils in Roubaix, France, used colored pencils for the sketches they drew of familiar scenes in their town. They also wrote descriptions about their sketches.

For the Lower Salford School, Harleysville, Pennsylvania, a group of pupils in Lille, France, used postcards of their city in their

album with descriptions written underneath each.

Then our mail brought albums from Czechoslovakian schools, which also contained many postcard pictures of their country. The album was sent to the Theodore Roosevelt School, Muskingum County, Ohio.

You would have enjoyed the album from Italy had it been sent to your school. It was beautifully illustrated with pictures of the sports which Italian children like to play. These sketches show that Italian children enjoy just about the same kind of sports you do. This album was sent to a school in Holmes County, Ohio.

From "South of the Border" an album came from Santiago, Chile for the Little Rock Elementary School, Little Rock, Kentucky. This album came in a gay red, white, and blue cover, which the Chileans like to use. The children who received this album will have fun planning an album to send in reply.

Roanoke, Virginia students make nut baskets for a veterans hospital; also prepare a correspondence album for exchange with a French school.



## FRENCH GIFTS FOR TOLEDO JRC

**G**IFTS FROM FRANCE for Toledo, Ohio, Junior Red Cross members! For several years Toledo Juniors have been filling gift boxes for overseas children. Imagine their surprise a few months ago to receive a shipment of packages from children in France.

What is more, the gifts were packed in the same gift boxes which the Toledo Junior Red Cross had sent to France! You see the gift boxes made a round trip.

Some of the boxes came from schools in Paris, and some from small outlying French towns. The gifts in the boxes gave the Toledo children a splendid idea of the kind of toys the French children play with and also the exquisite kind of handwork they do in France.

The boxes contained samples of delicate laces, fine embroidery, clever raffia baskets, needle and pin holders, bits of knitting, tiny



#### LET'S SEND THEM OFF TODAY

**I**N ALL THE SCHOOLS in America  
Something special is going on,  
We're sending toys and presents  
To the countries across the sea.

Toothbrushes, toothpaste, and pencils,  
Also books and toys,  
All are going across the sea  
To other girls and boys.

We want to fill them every one,  
Hurry, let's not delay.  
Let's get the boxes all packed up  
And send them off today.

—Ernest Green,  
Quioccasin School,  
Henrico County Chapter,  
Richmond, Virginia

change purses, besides tiny dolls and other small toys.

The French school children also prepared illustrated booklets telling about their cities and schools. The Toledo children have found this information helpful in their school work.

Many thank-you letters for gift boxes have also been received in Toledo. They were translated in the high-school foreign language classes.

Not only have just the letters received by Toledo Junior Red Cross been translated in the high school, but a number of letters received by other cities have been sent by the American National Red Cross for the Toledo students to translate. They have already worked on letters in the French and Polish languages.

#### TO ARGENTINA FROM VIRGINIA

**W**E DIDN'T KNOW it would be so much fun," agreed the principal and the pupils of the Jefferson Elementary School, Alexandria, Virginia, when they had just finished an album for a school in Buenos Aires. "Nor did we know how much we would learn while we worked on the album," they added.

The album made in this school was the work of many classes, not just one class. And the finished album was really a thing of beauty when it was all complete.

The covers were attractive in green finger-paint designs. Each design pictured important events in Virginia history. An index listing each topic and each illustration was included in the album. Paper dolls dressed in period



Sets of library books were presented last fall to 100 rural schools by Junior Red Cross in the Kanawha-Clay Chapter, Charleston, West Virginia.

costumes added color and interest to the stories. The album above all contained simple, well-written letters of explanation.

#### WATER SAFETY IN EASTERN AREA

**L**AST SUMMER boys and girls flocked to swimming pools in their communities all over the country to take part in the nationwide Learn-to-Swim program. In Eastern Area alone, 57,000 children learned to swim or improved their swimming ability during the year.

In Richland County Chapter, Ohio, even the tiniest tots, from 2 to 5 years old, were enrolled in a swimming class. They were taught to float, duck their heads in the water, and paddle around by themselves.

In Louisville and Jefferson Counties, Kentucky, many boys and girls learned to swim or qualified to become Junior or Senior Life Savers. Others became experts in handling canoes and boats.

A citywide swim program was carried out in Cleveland, Ohio in the city's eight swimming pools.

Boys and girls in Shelby County Chapter, Ohio, were so anxious to begin their swimming lessons that the pools were swamped on the first day by would-be swimmers.

In many other chapters through the states making up Eastern Area, enthusiasm ran high all during the summer in their Red Cross swimming classes.

Already plans are being made for this coming summer to make the Learn-to-Swim campaign even more successful than last year.



AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO BY RIORDAN

▲ **TO SAVE LIVES**—A visitor to JRC training center, West River, Md., gets life-saving tips.

**E**VEN IN JANUARY it is not too early to start thinking about the coming summer vacation. For most boys and girls thoughts of summer mean dreams of going swimming.

Did you ever stop to think that if you were a puppy dog you wouldn't have to think much about "learning to swim." You could just jump in the water and by moving your legs just about the same way you did on land you could get through the water fairly easily.

But for human beings, swimming doesn't just come "naturally." If you had 6 inches more of neck and 6 inches less of thigh, there would be no problem in swimming. You wouldn't have to be taught how to swim. Everyone could, as he wanted, simply enter the water and swim away like the puppy dog does.

But being built as you are, if you try to walk in the water as you do on land, the water comes up to about the level of your eyes, and since you aren't fish and have no gills to breathe under water, you have to find some other way to get through the water.

Then too, if you try to move through the water in a standing position which is natural on land, you discover that your body offers so much resistance to the water that you can get only a short distance with great effort.

So it has been found that the best way to "swim" is in a lying-down position. When lying in the water, nearly everyone can float, because then they have enough natural buoyancy to hold them up.

But swimming is not floating alone. You

**KICKBOARDS HELP**, say these youngsters who are learning to swim in Corpus Christi, Texas. ➤

## All in knowing how

MARGO HILLS

Swimming is easy and it's fun **WHEN YOU KNOW HOW.** Learn to swim now in an indoor pool. Then when the outdoor season opens, you'll be all ready to "get in the swim."

have to learn how to move your arms and legs in a way that will move your body through the water, easily and yet with some power. Since such movements are not similar to those you use when moving about on land, you need to be taught these things by someone who has learned before.

It isn't particularly hard to learn, provided that you have someone to teach you how to get the best results from movement of the arms and legs in certain ways, and provided you want to learn and are willing to practice.

Gradually, as you learn, you discover that in spite of the fact that human lungs aren't naturally "at home" in the water, you actually can move about it in more ways than almost any other animal. You can swim on the front, on your side, or on your back, both on the surface and under the water. You can swim forwards or backwards or even sidewise.

You can turn somersaults either forward or backward and can even roll over and over like a log. You can enter the water either feet first or head first and in many different positions which are graceful and fun.





▲ "FIRST STEPS"—Hawaiian children enjoy their swimming lesson at San Souci Beach, Waikiki.



AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO BY HAMBLIN

▲ IT'S BASIC—Young Americans in a military post pool in Germany learn basic swimming kick.



AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO BY MORAN

▲ SHE FLOATS—This girl is demonstrating body buoyancy in a swimming class at the Red Cross pool, Shattuck School, Portland, Oregon.

GEORGE NEWMAN, SIOUX CITY TRIBUNE

WIDE REACH—Over 1400 youngsters enrolled in Red Cross swimming classes, Sioux City, Iowa. ➤

But all of these skills must be learned—and until you have learned, you miss much of the fun. In addition, until you really learn the many ways of moving about in the water, you also are missing the chance which swimming gives to build strong bodies.

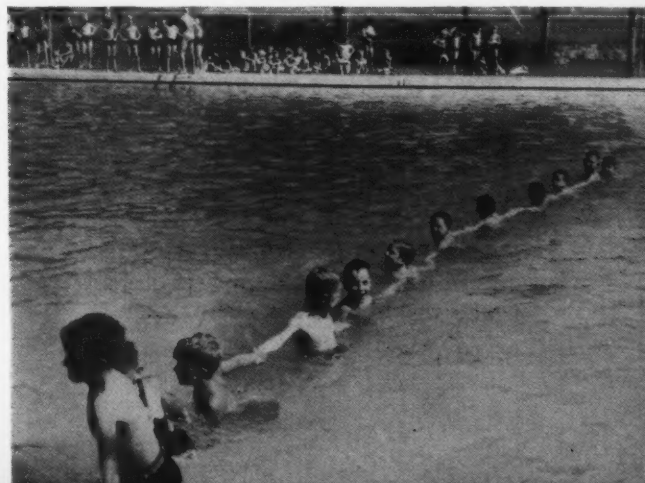
It's no fun just to be a wader or a splasher while others are able to swim and dive and really enjoy the water fully. It's no fun either to try going into the water without someone to teach you. You are liable to get a sudden mouthful of water or you may get into even more serious trouble until you learn how to breathe at the right time and how to move through the water.

Even though that summer vacation may seem a long way off, wintertime is actually a good time to learn to swim. Many communities all over the country now have good indoor pools which are warm and pleasant even when it is cold outdoors. And by learning now, you can be ready to "get in the swim" as soon as the outdoor swimming season begins next spring.

Of course, if there are no indoor pools where you live, you may have to wait until warm weather to learn. But don't wait until the end of the summer. Be sure to sign up early for classes. The American Red Cross Water Safety Service has trained instructors in communities throughout the nation who can teach you how to swim.

Besides having more fun in the water, you also will be safer when you know how to swim. A good swimmer hardly ever drowns because he knows what he can do and what he can't do in the water. But if you try to jump into the water and swim away like a puppy dog does, you probably will find yourself in trouble.

Like most things, swimming is easy and it's fun WHEN YOU KNOW HOW. And it's a sure thing that you can't think of a better sport to save your life!





# Old Rags! Old Iron!

MARY MILLER BATES

Illustrations by Janet Smalley



"OLD RAGS! Old iron! Any old junk to-day?"

"What kind of song is that?" Bruce Lawrence asked himself. "Is it from out here, or a radio commercial from inside?" Then he heard the voice again.

"Old rags! Old iron! Any old junk today?"

"Oh, that must be a radio commercial," Bruce thought. "No junkman could have a voice like that. And no junkman would *sing*. He'd be calling for junk for his business."

"I wish it were some kind of peddler, though," he sighed. "Seems like I've been sitting out here on the back steps for hours waiting for someone to call his stuff so I could write down how he calls it."

"Wow, it is a junkman! It is, sure enough!" Bruce cried as the voice came nearer, more mellow and more beautiful.

He grabbed his pencil and paper. With them he dashed across the yard. He reached the back gate just in time to see a tired looking old horse pulling a rickety junk wagon turn into the alley back of his house.

But was nothing old or tired looking about the driver of the wagon. With his swarthy face turned to the sun, he sang again. He sang as though he had not a worry in the world.

Leaning on the gate, Bruce began to write quickly. However, he didn't get far, for, as the wagon reached the gate, both the horse and the singing stopped.

The driver jumped down. Smiling broadly, he said, "Maybe the leetle boy is making a list? Maybe the leetle boy has junk for Tony, yes?"

"I'm not a little boy," Bruce answered. "I'm 12 years old. What were you singing? I've never heard a junkman sing like that before. Would you sing it again, please? I was trying to write it down."

Then Tony noticed that Bruce wasn't writing on ordinary paper. He was using paper which was lined for music writing.



"You lika my song? She is pretty, no? You not know her? She is the Toreador song from the Carmen. So—," and he sang again.

"Tor-e-a-dor, e'er watchful be . . ."

"See, she make a pretty junk song," he said. Quickly changing the words, he sang.

"Old rags, old iron, any old junk today."

"But why you write her down?" Tony asked.

"Oh," Bruce replied, "my father has me do that. He has me listen for as many different calls as I can. Then I'm supposed to write them down. He says it's good ear training for my music lessons. Yours is the most fun, though. He won't believe a junkman sang this!"

"Maybe yes, maybe no," Tony said. "Anyhow, I helpa you. So—I sing it ver-ry slow. Now maybe you write it good."

Together they worked. Tony sang slowly and placed each note exactly on pitch. Bruce listened and carefully placed each note in its proper place on the lined paper. When they had finished they smiled happily at each other and shook hands over a job well done.

"Oh, thank you, Tony. Thank you. That was grand of you," Bruce said. "I hope I didn't take up too much of your time."

"Thassa o.k., Bruce. You letta me know if the papa like it."

"When will you be around again, Tony?"

"I cannot be sure," Tony answered. "You listen. You heara me sing."

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, when Bruce was putting up the clothesline in the backyard for his mother, he heard Tony's beautiful voice in the distance. He finished his job, and rushed into the house to get his pencil and paper.



This time he reached the back gate just as Tony called "Whoa" to his horse.

"Hello, Tony," he greeted him. "Can you stop a while today?"

"You betcha," Tony smiled. "What did the papa say about the song?"

"He said he'd never heard a junkman singing opera before. But he said he supposed it could be. Did you ever sing in real opera, Tony?"

"No, but in my old country, in my Italia, my papa too give-a me the voice lessons. Since I am a leetle boy I study the so beautiful music. With it our home is full. With it my heart she is full."

Tony's eyes seemed to look back a year or two as he added, "Sometimes I sing for my leetle sister, Rosa, too. She would always dance and say, 'More-a, Tony, more.'"

"But why did you leave Italy?" Bruce asked. "How did you happen to come to America?"

Tony's face seemed to age suddenly as he answered, "In the war I lose-a my papa. I lose-a my mama. I lose-a my home. Only leetle Rosa, she is left. They come and put her in the orphan home. They say Tony can have her when he can make for her a new home. I thinka of this America. I come. She say, 'Welcome-a, Tony. Sing again, Tony,'

she say. 'Soon you send for Rosa, too, Tony,' she say. She is good, this America."

Tony's face was shadowed and then bright. He shrugged and said, "We talk too much of Tony. Now I sing for you another song. You listen and write. So——, now——, slow."

Tony threw back his head and began, "As I was a-gwine down the road, Tired team and a heavy load——"

"Why, Tony," Bruce interrupted, "that's *Turkey in the Straw*. And that's not opera, either. That's American folk music. I thought you were Italian?"

"Ah-ha, Bruce," Tony answered. "In music we learn to know each other. In music we do not see—we melta down the, how you say—n-n-nationa—nationality."

"I never thought of that before, Tony. I'll remember to tell my father that. But, now look at my paper. This looks right, doesn't it? My father insists that every note should be just so. You should hear him when he conducts the orchestra. He's not satisfied until every single man in the orchestra is playing his instrument perfectly."

"Your papa, he is a conductor? No?"

"He is a conductor, yes," Bruce answered. "His name is Arthur Lawrence. He's rehearsing now for next winter's opera season. Would

Smiling broadly, Tony asked, "Maybe the leetle boy is making a list?"



you like to hear his orchestra sometime?"

"Woulda I like? . . . Ah, my friend, to hear again the so lovely orchestra. But that is not for Tony, no. Thanka you just the same."

He started away. "Good-bya now. I see-a you next time around."

Bruce stood waving and looking in the direction Tony had gone long after he was out of sight. Then, thoughtfully, he walked back to the house.

**T**HAT NIGHT Bruce met his father at the door when he returned from rehearsal.

"Father," he said. "Do you remember the Toreador song I heard the junkman sing?"

"Yes, I do. Has he been around again?"

"He was here today. See what I wrote while he sang? He's good, Father, really good. His voice is so clear and true. If you are home the next time he comes around, will you please come out to listen to him with me?"

"Why, of course, Bruce, I'd be glad to. But what's this? *Turkey in the Straw*? First opera, then American folk music——"

"Oh, yes, Father. He has some super ideas on music and what it does for people, too. I think you'll like *him* as well as his singing."

Bruce's father was home when Tony next came around. He listened to Tony sing. Then he echoed Bruce's opinion. "He's good; he's really good!"

Later Bruce asked, "Father, why can't we help Tony get a singing job? He's good enough, isn't he?"

"Yes, I think so. But I'm not the man who can hire him. Let's have him sing for the director of the opera. I understand they need more voices for the chorus."

"Do you think maybe—oh, Father, do you

suppose he would give Tony a chance?"

"We'll never know until we try," Mr. Lawrence laughed. "We can keep our fingers crossed. You ask Tony to come to rehearsal the next time you see him."

A few days later, Bruce heard Tony in the distance. This time he didn't wait for him to reach the backyard gate. He dashed down the alley to meet him. Breathless, he called,

"Oh, Tony, Tony, will you—could you—I mean, if you want to——"

"One-a moment, my friend," Tony laughed. "I cannot understand you."

When Bruce calmed down enough to tell Tony the plan for him to try out for the opera chorus, Bruce could not understand Tony. Tony wasn't saying anything. He just sat there with his mouth open. Then he wiped his hand across his eyes, explaining hoarsely,

"I thinka I get something ina my eye. And, excusa me, please. I think maybe I have a leetle cold," as he took out his handkerchief and blew his nose.

At the tryout, the director of the opera repeated what Bruce and his father had both felt. "He's good, really good!" Turning to Tony he said, "Rehearsal Monday—8 o'clock sharp."

Tony, Bruce, and Mr. Lawrence walked arm in arm out of the room.

"Tony," he asked, "why did you say the opera wasn't for you? It is, you see."

"Yesa, Bruce. Now I see. But things like-a thees do not happen so fast in Italia. I think I must not spend any of the time or money fora the music. I save all to send for the leetle Rosa. Now it will not be-a long 'til I can. America she was right when she say,

"'Welcome, Tony. Singa, Tony. Be happy.'"





PICTURES AND DRAWINGS add color to the album which JRC members in Alliance, Ohio, are making to be sent to children overseas. ▼

BILL PRESTON, BIRMINGHAM NEWS

A "LET'S ANSWER RIGHT AWAY!"—When Junior Red Cross members, South Highland School, Birmingham, Alabama, received an album from Greece, enthusiasm ran high, and they began at once to prepare a return album.



## Surprise from Australia!

How a good Junior Red Cross idea traveled fast and far!

**7** HERE IS A surprise in store for the members of the Montana State Correspondence School who made a fine album for the Sever Street school in Worcester, Massachusetts, last fall, for they had no idea that in so doing they were suggesting a new program activity for the New Zealand Junior Red Cross!

You may remember an article called "From the Land of the Shining Mountains" which appeared in the October 1947 issue of the News. It described the Montana album and quoted from some of the letters.

When our News arrived in New Zealand this article attracted attention, for there are large rural areas in that country much like those in Montana. Schools are widely separated and not all who wish are able to attend, and so there, too, is a "correspondence school."

In the May-June issue of *Our Magazine*, the Junior Red Cross publication of the New Zealand Junior Red Cross, the editor writes:

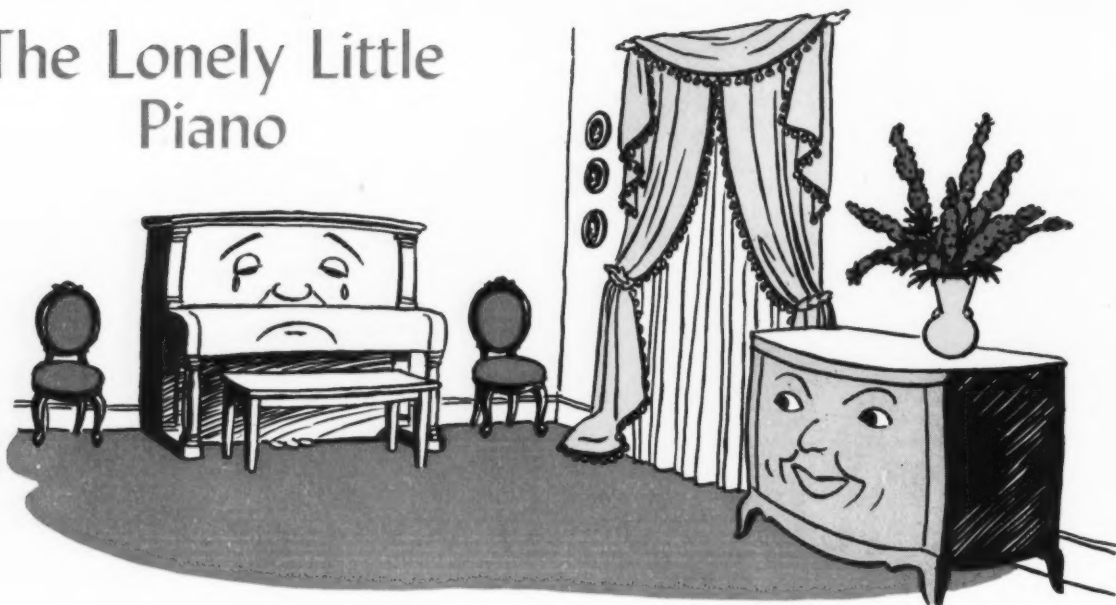
"The pupils of the New Zealand Correspondence School are amongst our most active Junior Red Cross members and very few weeks go by without a parcel of clothing or articles made by members themselves being received at Headquarters to be sent overseas.

"Up to the present time the Correspondence School has not taken part in the portfolio exchange, though a number of pupils are anxious to do so. For this reason we are publishing extracts from an album made by the Montana State Correspondence School in America hoping that here in New Zealand something of the same kind can be done."

In a letter to our national headquarters the editor suggests that an exchange of albums between the two correspondence schools might be arranged.

This is another example of the way good Junior Red Cross ideas travel around the world to the benefit of all of us.

# The Lonely Little Piano



ONCE A LITTLE piano stood all alone in the corner of a great big living room. The little piano was very, very lonely. For a long time nobody had come to see him. They usually just passed by without even looking at him.

Of course, once a week regularly, on Mondays, he was dusted off carefully by Annie, the housemaid.

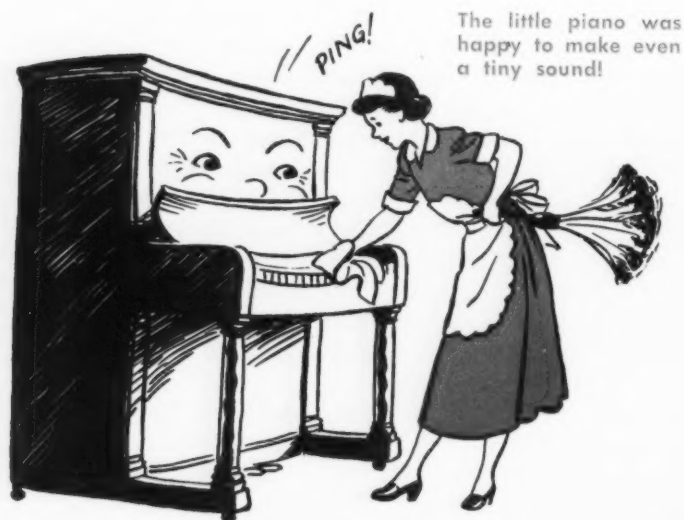
And once in a while, quite by accident, Annie pressed a white or black

note and the little piano made a tiny sound. He was happy even to make a tiny sound. It was better than nothing. But it didn't happen very often as Annie was usually in a hurry.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, his owners, were hardly ever home. When they were home they usually played the beautiful amber radio which stood across the room from the little piano.

"Oh, why did Mr. and Mrs. Brown buy me if they can't play?" sobbed the little piano. The radio heard him sobbing, and sniffed.

"My dear little piano, they didn't *buy* you. Who would want to buy a piano anyway when a radio is so much more useful and simple to play? You were a gift from an uncle or somebody. I'm sure Mr. and Mrs. Brown would like to get rid of you. You should be sold to the junk-





LEE ROBBIN wrote this story about a lonely little piano especially for our younger readers. IRIS BEATTY JOHNSON drew the pictures. You will like the story's happy ending!

man to be made into useful firewood."

"Oh, no," cried the poor little lonely piano, "surely they can't hate me that much. Oh, I want to sing! How I want to sing! Some day someone will make me sing, and how happy I will be."

But nobody ever did make him sing. So the little piano just stood in the corner all alone, becoming more sad and lonely day after day.

ONE DAY the little piano was startled out of his afternoon nap by a loud knocking at the front door.

"My word!" he exclaimed. "Who can be knocking so loud?"

Annie, the housemaid, ran to the door and in walked three big husky men. They gathered around the little piano and started to move him.

The little piano was terribly frightened. Even the beautiful amber radio across the room grew a little pale. She felt sorry for the little piano.

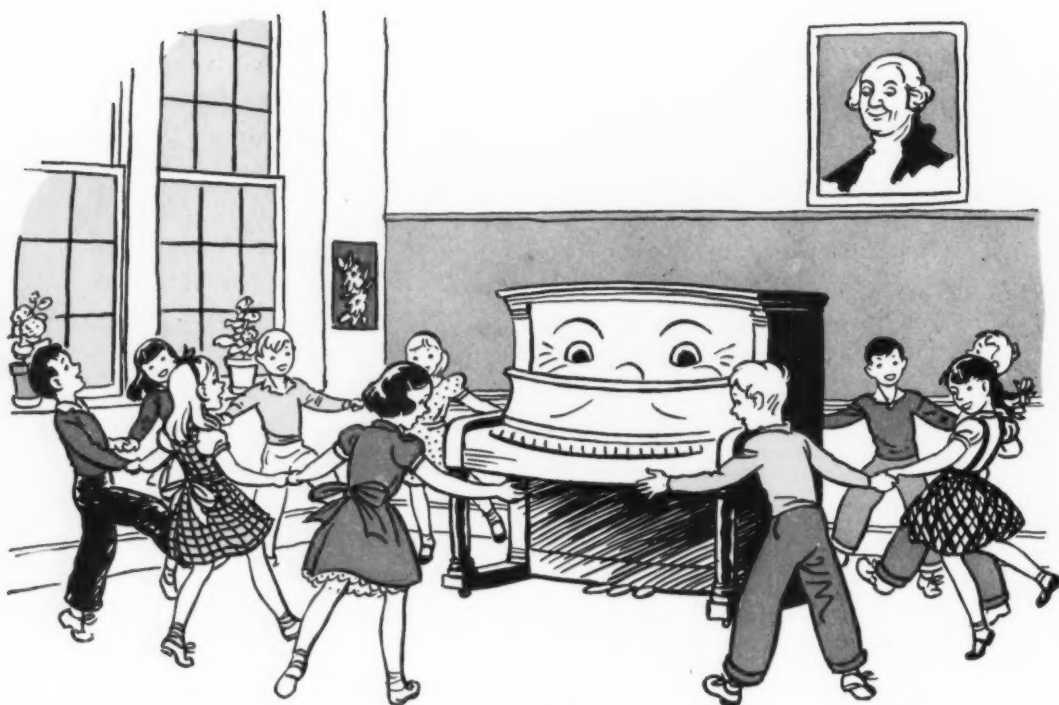
"Oh dear," she cried, "I hope they won't take you to the junkpile. I didn't really want you to go."

The little piano was being pushed out of the room and hardly had time to answer her. However he managed to whisper a tearful good-by as the three big men pushed him out the front door.

Soon he found himself inside a large

The little piano was terribly frightened. Even the radio grew a little pale.





The children were shouting, "Goody, goody! Now we can dance and sing."

dark moving van filled with furniture.

"Oh dear, I wonder what will become of me?" wept the little piano. "Is it to be the junkpile after all? And will they burn me in somebody's fireplace?"

Soon the moving van stopped. The little piano closed his eyes. He didn't want to see where he was going. He felt himself being lifted out of the moving van and being pushed somewhere.

**S**UDDENLY he heard children's happy voices. He opened his eyes. He could hardly believe what he saw.

At least twenty little boys and girls were dancing around him. He stood in the middle of a great big cozy room which had a lot of little tables and chairs all around.

The boys and girls were shouting,

"Goody, goody! Now we can dance and sing."

The little piano didn't know it yet but he was in a schoolroom. He was so happy he almost cried because everyone was making such a fuss over him.

"If only someone would make me sing, I could show them how happy I am," he whispered to himself.

And at last he got his wish, for in walked the pretty, smiling teacher. She sat down in front of the little piano and pressed the keys. The little piano sang and sang with joy.

Then the children sang with the piano. And all together they made the most beautiful music.

The little piano was the happiest piano in the world because he knew he would never be lonely again.



AMERICAN RED CROSS PHOTO BY PARSONS

**BASIL O'CONNOR**, president of the American National Red Cross, on his way to Stockholm, Sweden to attend the 17th International Red Cross conference, was a guest in the home of Commodore Kai Hammerich, president of the Danish Red Cross in Copenhagen, Denmark. With Mr. O'Connor are the Commodore's two daughters, Else and Vivi.

#### AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

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The American National Red Cross  
**LIVINGSTON L. BLAIR**.....Vice President  
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